VERSES

LUSINA STRONG MILLS
JESSIE MILLS

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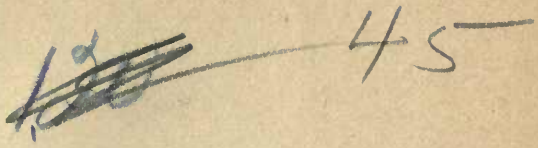

LUSINA STRONG MILLS

UNIV. OF CALIF. LIBRARY, LOS ANGELES

VERSES

LUSINA STRONG MILLS
JESSIE MILLS

BOSTON
RICHARD G. BADGER
The Gorham Press
1908

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The Gorham Press, Boston, U. S. A.

FOREWORD

The verses in this little volume were written for the most part in the year 1896. Before this, since her girlhood days, my mother had written mainly in prose. During that year we were almost constantly together and took great pleasure in our associated work. Afterward she thought about publishing what we had written; but we soon concluded the great hurrying world would have little interest in our simple verses. Since she went away it comes to me to publish the verses together, in accordance with her thought, not "in memory of her death," but to call to mind afresh her abounding life; her energy, her courage, her vigor of mind, her sense of humor, her quick sympathy with all life, whether lived in the shadow or the sunshine, and her vital interest in the great movements of the world, which kept her young to the last.

When thinking of her, lines written by Matthew Arnold of his father come to my mind:

> "In the gloom of November we passed
> Days not dark at thy side;
> Seasons impaired not the ray
> Of thy buoyant cheerfulness clear."

As we were so closely associated in the work and my mother took much pleasure in the fact, it has been deemed fit to leave the manuscript in its present form.

J. M.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Lusina Strong was born in Portage, Livingston County, New York, January 29, 1823. Her parents were pioneers in that portion of the Empire State. Her father, through accidental treatment when suffering from the malaria of a new country, was constitutionally weakened. Her mother, who gave birth to twelve children, was both physically and intellectually remarkable. She had the resources of a giantess.

At two and one half years Lusina commenced her school life, and thereafter had as good privileges of this sort as a raw country could furnish. Pains were taken to secure for her the best. Her first joys of authorship were through the school paper. Her student life was one glow.

In childhood she acquired skill with the needle which later became a very special skill. Astonishing was the ease with which she threw off beautiful work, contrived and fitted by her own skill, during that portion of life making greatest demand for it. But it was her delight to produce evidence of a perfection in her mother's like art which, she insisted, put the daughter's skill within the shadow. To whatever she gave her hand, in it Lusina was likely to appear as an expert through the elasticity of her power.

Love of beauty was a controlling force of her nature. And this love had nurture from her early days. Within the farm which was her home she could scarcely open her eyes without taking in a scene of elevated lands and of dales, skirted with deep woods. Some three miles away the waters of the upper Genesee River, through a series of falls, leaped to a cavernous depth. For a long

distance they find their way between lofty, precipitous banks. The depth of portions of this defile were not wholly strange to her elastic tread. The rank wildness of the scene spoke to her inner self.

Her love for flowers approached a passion, largely silent, thus escaping evaporation through words. Wheresoever she lived, with her own hand she cultivated them, and when possible she had them near her. Receiving from a friend, with whom she was in special rapport, a gift of flowers, she answered in the following hasty lines:—

"God could not make the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
Enough for every want of ours
And not a flower at all;
Except He first should countermake
This beauty-loving race,
And take away the *want* for flowers —
Oh, what could fill the place!"

Her striking flexibility and variousness of powers had answer in her countenance. A talented French portrait painter, in her youthful period, undertook her portrait. Day after day he called for sittings with fresh canvases. At last, passing his charged brush athwart his work, he gave up incontinently — she had no two faces alike! Equally she was the despair of the photographer, so far as obtaining a representative result was concerned.

As she was ripening she instinctively turned to teaching. Teaching with her was equally gift and an enthusiasm. She was luminous and inspiriting. It was in her and of her to pass over to others her acquirements of mind and

wealth of spirit. She molded; and the mold was of the best. Very many are those who in this relation have called and do call her blessèd.

Pursuing a high ideal she went to Oberlin, Ohio, to continue her studies. There she developed her qualities and exercised her gifts. She took first rank and became one of the more influential personalities of the school. She studied and she taught. *Lusina Strong* was a name to conjure with in those days.

January 1, 1850, at her home in Portage, she became the wife of Henry Mills. The following year they went to Andover, Massachusetts, where he pursued his theological studies. Late in 1854 she became a pastor's wife in Granby, Massachusetts, then an alert, energetic, characteristically independent and thriving country people. There for nine years her gifts and attractions had a fit field for development and manifestation. There she held a sway as complete devoid of self-assertion and the suggestion of self-love and self-will. The quiet glow of her spirit set others in glow. She lived them into larger life.

If there is such a thing as falling into one's place in life Lusina Strong reached her destiny when she became a pastor's wife. She commanded the confidence, the affection, the support of the people wherever she held this relation, in states as diverse as Massachusetts, Michigan, Iowa, Illinois.* She believed in God and loved those who bore the image of God, and especially kindled toward those in whom she saw promise of ac-

*Besides places mentioned in this sketch she was pastor's wife in Kalamazoo, Mich., Independence, and Buckingham (now Traer), Iowa.

quiring the image of God in the highest sense which those words can bear.

She gave herself for others, whether in the family, the community, or the wide world. She had a choice intellect, but the very texture and substance of her being was a deep religiousness, acting itself out in the quietest, freshest, and most natural way.

She left language for this life of hers in poems which throbbed with the secrets of her breast. Thus at a time of supreme and bewildering distress the poem,

"I trust thee, O Father; thy word cannot fail,"

got itself written, of which she scarcely felt herself the author. "It wrote itself," are her words. The abandon of her soul Godward expressed itself within a different atmosphere in the poem,

"We're in thy world, O God."

Many of her poems are self-revealing. Nearly all were written after a paralytic stroke which shattered her health and put her into closest relations with her God.

Lusina Stong Mills became the mother of six children. Here she found her sphere of spheres. She met every demand. Her children, of whom three are living, have known and know her worth beyond power to tell it.

From Canton, Illinois, where she had loved and was loved for a time about equal to the entire earthly stay of her Lord, she took swift departure July 20, 1905. Her stroke was received in April of 1895. After it she lived in active expectation of death. But there was no new coloring, no new emphasis to her life through the expec-

tation. No word of dread nor of unwillingness passed her lips. There were none waiting to pass. For nearly her whole life she had lived in a world she recognized as God's and was ever reaching for and taking in His sympathy and love. She loved life — this life — and yet for her God's time was her time.

She left a home surcharged with her essential self.

Canton, Ill, April 22, 1907. H. M.

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GIFTS AND GRACES

Suggested by the Chicago World's Fair.

Fair of the world! Thy glory lost?
The monument was reared at cost;
Memory, faithful to her trust,
Will bid thee live, though laid in dust.

I stood on that enchanting ground,
With grace and beauty richly crowned,—
Gazed till both thought and being whirled,
Amidst the wonders of the world.

But all the grace that figured there
Had never been at that World's Fair,
Had not the gifts — a lavish store,
In rich abundance gone before.

Nature provides each rarest gem
And wealth of gold; the skill of men
Builds, carves, to nature adds a grace —
A Taj uprears its beauteous face!

Go through the realm of nature wide,
The law is writ on ev'ry side,
Where nature's gifts are lavished free,
Luxuriant graces there we see.

This law which doth imperial reign
Throughout all nature's broad domain,
Within the spirit's realm we find
Writ large and ever well defined.

As nature's children what are we?
Graceless in life and destiny;
Striving in vain for something higher,
To steal from heaven Promethean fire.

The spirit comes with molding power!
What changes work from this glad hour
Love, joy, and peace begin to grow,
And all the lovely Nine forth-show.

Free gifts on ev'ry side abound;
The work of building slow is found;
Plan, the great Architect hath given
After similitude of heaven.

Love, the divinest grace we know,
From which all other graces flow,
Without which myriad graces sought,
However costly, would be naught,

Shines soft and beautiful and bright,
The chambers of the soul makes light;
The lovely light, without a glare,
Reveals the characters we bear.

The spirit whispers,— "Rise and build
The character that God hath willed;
Completeness is the end in view,
The will of God concerning you."

In all your intercourse with men
Each act of love will add a gem;
The spirit's graces are decreed
When we the spirit have received.

The hardy virtues do not fly,
Strong character they underlie;
Nor quiet graces underrate —
"Thy gentleness hath made me great!"

In building high, we find at length,
For ballast, equipoise, and strength,
The grace of temperance has its place —
A granite rock with polished face.

"Have faith in God," He ever lives,
Faith is the grace that substance gives
To all our hopes now unfulfilled,—
Faith gives us courage as we build.

Then build with patience — valiantly,
You're building for eternity;
If you would build so naught can rupture
Eternal truth must rib the structure.

L. S. M.

FORGIVENESS

"Tell me," she said, " can a spirit receive
A wounding so deep that time can't relieve?
Years have gone by, the sting rankles within
As though I myself had committed a sin!"

"I fear, my dear girl, you think to outlive
A sting that will rankle until you forgive."
"Forgive? What sense in that mystical word?
Feel wrong to be right? The thing is absurd!"

"Because wrong is wrong and feel it you must,
Because the wrongdoer has forfeited trust,
Because of *your* sin and *your* hope of heaven,
Because God is love and you hath forgiven,—"

"God never forgave an impenitent soul!"
'Forever the same there is pardon for all,

All who accept and receiving it prove
They are conductors of infinite love,

"A love all divine, transmitted afar,
Like currents conveyed from charged Leyden jar;
But insulate souls can ne'er *feel* forgiven
Until their free hands make circuit with heaven.

"When charged thus with love the wounds will all heal;
And into your heart a sweet peace will steal;
Perhaps by induction may e'en gain a friend
And rankling within have come to an end."

L. S. M.

HE SHALL BRING IT TO PASS

I knelt in my closet at midnight,—
Ofttimes I had knelt there before,
To ask of my Father forgiveness
His mercy and favor implore.

I pled for the faith of assurance,
For a hope that anchors the soul —
A trust free from doubt of acceptance,
A sense of God's loving control.

I knelt in my closet at noonday,
In anguish from conflicts within;
I wrestled in prayer for the power
To reckon self dead unto sin.

And I did reckon thus from that hour —
Alive unto God made this plea —
"*Make me holy*, as thou, Lord, art holy,
For only the holy see thee."

A sense of heirship possessed me,
I felt my life held in God's care;
A child, I believed that the Father
In training no best thing would spare

The beauty of holiness charmed me,
A likeness to Christ seemed secure;
I believed that having begun it,
God's work of completion was sure.

How little environment touched me
When held in duress so divine;
When above me His banner was love,
And love, a rich banquet, was mine.

When wrongs made deep wounds in my spirit,
(Resentment's complete overthrow!)
He turned those deep wounds into channels
For love's healing currents to flow.

And what use He made of my blunders,
My manifold errors and sin,
In training and great'ning my being,
Is, assuredly, best known to Him.

I have sailed life's tumultuous sea,
Have been held in the tempest's wild grip —
He hath kept me in safety and peace
With only a loss of the ship.

L. S. M.

PANSY (A THOUGHT)

I planted it in early spring
With all the rest, a cherished thing,
But scratching chickens, bruising them,
From this one broke its central stem,
Leaving one tiny shoot alone,
You'd scarce believe it could have grown;
To dissipate my anxious fears
Straightway its rootedness appears,
The source of nourishment and life,
And ev'ry rootlet was in strife
To make amends for ruthless wrong;
And so the little sprout grew strong,
And day by day the leaves unfold
Of richer green and larger mold.
Months passed, profusely bloomed the rest,
But with no bloom this plant was blessed.
And will it then resent its loss
Making its bloomless branch a cross?
Ah, no, for silently Dame Nature wrought
And to the pansy succor brought.
At last one bud alone appeared
With which no ruin interfered.
It bloomed and I in joy exclaimed,
'This pansy hath itself reclaimed!'
'Twas twice as large as all the rest,
Excelled in beauty e'en the best,
And though in pain it had been wrought,
I prized it most, this one great *thought*.

A human life with health and cheer
Sometimes begins a bright career
When some stray chick with ruthless power

Blights ev'ry hope in one short hour,
The mangled form, the ebbing life!
Friends pray that death may end the strife.
There's nothing left, the friends make guess,
Nothing but lifelong helplessness.
But nature has a latent skill
To rectify destructive ill —
Though hands are gone, yet soon is seen
A pencil held the toes between;
And when of hands and toes bereft
The sufferer feels there's nothing left,
Nature suggests the kind relief,
"Just hold the pen between the teeth."
To such may one great *thought* be given
To bless the world and blend with heaven.

L. S. M.

TO E. A. I.

With silent, unassuming grace
The pansies laugh me in the face.
What latent powers in them appear
To fill the saddest heart with cheer.
Disturbing fear can have no place
While looking in a pansy's face;
And so I gaze till I laugh too,
I send them out to laugh with you.

L. S. M.

THE POWER OF TRUTH

What is truth ? a Pilate asked
  While quaking in its power —
Truth to Judas made things plain —
  He hanged himself that hour.

The conflict most unequal seems
Betwixt the false and true,
Complications of all sorts
The innocent pursue.

Many men, like Jesus Christ,
Send forth the piercing cry,
"Why hast thou forsaken me?"
Then bow the head and die.

Public sentiment lives on,
And if the true create,
Its verdict can't be set aside
But stands as if by fate.

Very well this people's court
Perceive that truth is strong;
Complications shall in vain
Entangle it with wrong.

The thread of truth will never break,
Though tangled be the skein,
Only find the end that's right,
The whole of truth they'll gain.

God's white light reveals to all
The helpless justified;
Darkest plottings all laid bare
And truth stands glorified.

How we wish those men had lived —
But they are glad they died —
Those alas, exposed to shame
The mountains cannot hide!

They stand aghast before their past
And while alive, forsooth,
Find too late there's nothing damns
Like violated truth.

L. S. M.

THE TEMPEST

Jesus stood alone on the land,
The boat in the midst of the sea
Tossed by the tempest so wildly,
He hastened their pilot to be.

They see His form in the distance,
And wondering what it can be —
Affrighted, they cry in alarm —
"A Spirit is walking the sea!"

Jesus was coming straight toward them
And thought to have passed them right by,
But heard, and straightway He told them —
"Oh, be not afraid, it is I!"

Then Jesus went into the boat,
He held the winds still in His hand —
Said, "Be of good cheer, it is I,
The winds and the sea I command!"

He *now* stands alone on the shore
And watches life's billows that roll;
Let Him in and quickly He'll still
The tempests that surge through thy soul.

L. S. M.

THE BURNING BUSH

The burning bush was all ablaze
With light ineffable. No haze
Of darkness lurked around,
Holy became the very ground;
An angel of the Lord forth came
From out that unconsuming flame,
And Moses turned aside amazed,
And on the scene of splendor gazed.
Now God beheld what Moses did,
And talked, while Moses' face was hid;
Forth from the burning bush, He spake,
"I raised thee up for Israel's sake—"
Announced His mission then and there;—
"My people cry, I've heard their prayer;
This say to Pharaoh, Egypt's king;
'From bondage forth my people bring.'"
Then Moses said, "Lord, who am I
That thou dost send thy message by?"
"Fear not," God said, "go forth and know
That with thee I will surely go."
"What is thy name? for when I say
That Israel's God this very day
To you this message sends by me —
'Go, set my chosen people free —
I'll lead them out by my own hand—'
'What is His name?' they will demand.''
What glory from that bush of flame
Illumined God's unwritten name —
Name that He spoke and sent abroad,
"I AM"— The great "I AM," saith God.

L. S. M.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

The Pharisees, curious, asked in defence;
"When cometh God's kingdom on earth and from whence?"
Christ, knowing their hearts thus gave answer to them,
"It cometh without observation of men."
Let "thy kingdom come" is both promise and prayer,
Yet none shall say, *Here*, and none say, *Lo, there!*
The kingdom of God is within you; and see
How silent yet grand its on-coming shall be.
From conquering to conquer, all wrong it assails,
How stately its triumphs! o'er sin it prevails;
Mysterious kingdom! though not of this world,
Alone from the cross are its banners unfurled.

L. S. M.

THE BEAUTY OF DUTY

R. S. S.

Seizing the duties nearest me,
Repellent though they seemed to be,
I wrought all day; at evening found
My hateful work was duty's round.
Weary and sad I lay me down,
When, lo, an angel, with a crown
In hand, and crown upon His head,
Approached and stood beside my bed.
Transfixed I gazed, to me was shown
A beauty I had never known —
Beauty whose luster shone so bright
Each gem seemed carved from rays of light.
The angel spoke: I knew His word —
The angel-presence was my Lord.
The crown He wore of purest gem
Was the dear Saviour's diadem;

Reaching the other forth to me,—
"This one," He said, " I give to thee."
" What is it, Lord ?" And He replied,
"These are the duties you despised.
Their luster and their beauty tell
How faithfully you wrought and well,
And grouping them as here you see
There was a crown for me and thee."
Each duty is a diamond rare,
When polished is beyond compare,
But most abhorent under sun,
Is a plain duty left undone.

L. S. M.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Oh, who can bear a mother's prayer
And yet consent to sin ?
Oh, who can dare to risk that prayer
And not be pure within ?

To be the great in Church or State,
Might be the best for me;
My mother's prayer would place me there,
For my best destiny.

Failure might be the best for me,
Perhaps the lowest seat;
My mother's prayer would place me there,
Whatever my defeat.

Oh, who can bear a mother's prayer
And not refuse to sin ?
Oh, who would dare to risk that prayer
And not be pure within ?

L. S. M.

FROZEN TOGETHER

It was not all a dream, a phantom show,
An alchemy divine had filled the place.
Oh, magic power! It wrought but none might trace:
"His cold" transmuting earth to heavenly glow
Made all, both good and bad, one scenic show.
Oh, matchless beauty! meanest things become
Solidified in a most glorious *one;*
As child I carved, with knife, the precious stone;
A queen was I; in fancy I was more!
In rich mosaics laid my palace floor.
A thaw! An alchemy no less divine,
That needs nor sun, nor moon, nor thought of mine,
Accomplishes its work at dead of night —
All oneness gone! Rubbish, a ghastly sight!

L. S. M.

KNIT TOGETHER

"I pray that these all, in us, may be one,
As thou art in me and I also in thee.
O Father, I know that thou hearest me."
O Christ, thy prayer is a searcher of heart,
Supposes a cleansing of every part.
A bone that is broken can knit into one
When, and when only, this cleansing has come.
How then can the vile and the pure be one?
Oh, grace of all life made known from this hour,
The climax of love, the climax of power!
When Christ said to man, "I will, be thou clean:"
Assured is the oneness, His word doth redeem.
Not frozen — but knit together in one —
Together in love, with Father and Son!

L. S. M.

TO AS MANY AS *RECEIVED* HIM GAVE HE POWER

'Tis not enough that Jesus died
Upon the shameful tree,
'Tis not enough that Jesus lives
To intercede for me.

If I refuse His gracious love,
Despise His death of pain,
No prayer of His avails for *me*,
Christ died for *me* in vain.

L. S. M.

NO DEEPER DEPTH THAN LOVE

A figure of the bottomless:
But very shallow is the deep,
Though lead and line can find no measure,
To which, transcending speed of light,
Our human thought its fathom finds.
Go north and south, their bounds explore,
Beyond the ice fields find the poles,
Make then the circuit east and west,
Find there the depth where sun and moon
Make plunge and leave the world in night,
A planet whirling round in space;
Lift now your eyes to heaven's blue
And penetrate its vasty depth —
When you have passed by worlds on worlds,
Still worlds on worlds, immensity!
Eternity-bounded deep!
A depth that we in awe call God —
And God, our God, we know is love.

L. S. M.

DELIVERANCE

"Oh, wretched man that I am!"
What power can save me from sin?
What force from without can control
The forces that rule me within?

God's truth is a force that makes free,
But force that the heart must receive.
Oh, how can a heart full of sin
E'er utter the words "I believe"?

Thou willest to do His whole will —
The pleasures of sin dost resign —
Then, having done all, thou shalt stand —
God's conquering energy thine.

L. S. M.

I AM SO GLAD*

My soul is stirred to unknown depth
When I remember thee;
I am so glad I can't forget
My follies and my sins alike
As scarlet changed to spotless white
By thee, O Christ, by thee.

My shield and buckler when beset;
When I remember thee,
I am so glad I can't forget
When stormy missiles filled the air
No arrow ever reached me there
So panoplied by thee.

L. S. M.

*Suggested by a poem in *The Advance*, April 15, 1897, expressing the wish of one that she might have that "sweet faith of restful forgetfulness."

LET NO ONE TAKE THY CROWN

The crown of love that's so divine
Sharp thorns with roses intertwine,
Some thorns, perchance, their growth may find
Within the precincts of *thy* mind —
Walk humbly, then, thou canst not love
Except 'twere given thee from above.
Walk softly, earthly powers may wait
To rob thee of love's high estate,
While strange devices cast thee down
And hurl in dust love's beauteous crown.
What then? Just wait. It can be shown
No hand can rob thee but thine own;
Love on, true heart, love on!

L. S. M.

THE MINISTER

Jehovah calls, he must attend,
Jehovah's mountain must ascend,
Like Moses climb its heights alone.
Hands clean, and heart transfigured there,
Behold him as he stands in prayer
With shining face, as Moses' shone.

His sermon from the Mount of God
With still, small voice more felt than heard,
From lips just touched with living fire,
Are words baptismal as they fall;
And tongues of flame descend on all,
And death-struck souls with life inspire.

L. S. M.

STRIVE ON

Strive on, strive on, brave heart,
  Striving was never vain,
Strive lawfully; as God is true,
  A crown thou shalt obtain.

Strive on, strive on, brave heart,
  The warfare is with sin;
In ambush lie thy secret foes —
  Well hid they lurk within.

Strive on, strive on, brave heart —
  No artifice, no guile
Can smite thee through thy shield,
  If thou keep clear the while.

Strive on, strive on, brave heart,
  Nor let thy spirit quail;
Men ought to pray and not to faint —
  Thy prayer shall yet prevail.

L. S. M.

THE FURNACE

Seven times tried! What means the unwonted heat?
It means a cleansing, pure — complete.
Dross all consumed yet furnace heat still there?
Can earth abide celestial air?
Behold the Son of God walks in the same,
There's nothing there supports a flame.
So when the cruel flames blaze high and fierce,
Their burning shafts my being pierce,
I see how much I need the *unwonted heat*

Before the cleansing is complete.
Father, I see the rubbish being burned,
And bless the fires that I have spurned,
Dross all consumed though furnace heat still there,
I'll bide, with Christ, celestial air.

L. S. M.

"THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT"

Oh, it is good to work for God,
'Tis good to do His will,
'Tis good to do love's hardest work —
The work of standing still.

L. S. M.

I THOUGHT

Perhaps he will come
When a glorious sun
Will make the day lovely and bright,
And bear me away,
On a soft summer day,
To the city where He is the light.

Of dread I have none
For the change that must come,
But death in itself seems so cold,
That when snow falls
And the wind shrieks and howls,
I instinctively cling to the fold.

You all are so dear
I would stay with you here,
With you watch the shadows that fall,
With sympathy cheer
When fresh sorrows appear,
And courageously help you bear all.

But when I am gone
You will not be alone,
The Saviour will never forsake you,
The Comforter, come,
Will abide in the home,
And many sweet visits I'll make you.

It will not be long
Ere you join in song
Where the Lamb on the Throne is the theme,
The joyous refrain
Beyond frailties or pain
Will be in and of glory supreme.

L. S. M.

EARTH RECEDING

I find with the avenues closing
The outlook becoming more broad,
The rampires of earth left behind me,
Thou wilt show me thy glory, O God.
"I beseech thee now show me thy glory,"
Is the prayer of my hunger and thirst;
Thou wilt pass that glory before me —
What a scene on my vision shall burst!
All that can die laid off at the portal,
All that my spirit can take thou wilt give,
Surrounded with Infinite glory,
Like Christ I shall see God and live.

L. S. M.

DEATH

What is death to a soul that is conscious of life—
Life breathed in of God; and His own life eternal?

L. S. M.

A PRAYER

How can I sing a song for thee?
  How bear a message from the skies?
A song that I would sing for thee,
  In thee, O Christ, must have its rise!

O thou, who art a finer's fire,
  Come thou and burn away the dross,
Oh, teach my falt'ring lips to sing,
  And guide the wand'ring to thy cross.

J. M.

INSIGNIA

No outward sign can make those known
  Who serve their Lord and King,
No stately form or seal is theirs,
  No regal offering.

The sign which makes His children known
  A foreigner can read,
'Tis shown in each unconscious look,
  In ev'ry simple deed.

"By this shall all men know that ye
  Are mine," said Jesus, when on earth,
"If ye have love to one another,
  'Twill prove your heavenly birth."

And ev'ry time in word or act
We fail this love to show,
It makes it harder for some heart
The love of Christ to know.

J. M.

OBEDIENCE

"Go," saith Jesus, "I'll be with thee;"—
"When we see thee, Lord, we will;"
Still we wait — do not obey Him —
For His truth we linger still.

Yet that truth He ne'er discloses
Till His word our hearts fulfill,
Nor the waters of a Jordan
Will obey a doubting will.

J. M.

A REPROACH

When I pray for the lost,
And the souls tempest tossed,
E'en while I am praying,
Christ's voice I hear saying,
"Art thou pleading with me?
I have long pled with thee!"

J. M.

LOVE

Some think to make their love flow deep
By limiting its bound —
Oh, may my love a boundless deep,
Unlimited be found.

O God! when looks and acts repel,
Through ignorance and sin,
Still may thy all constraining grace
Let thy sweet pity in.

J. M.

"HE HATH RESPECT UNTO THE LOWLY"

What very simple words and deeds
Love's sweet behests fulfil,
And yet they win the praise of Him
Who rules the worlds at will.

And though the people, as they pass,
See nothing great to praise,
The Maker of the heaven and earth
Is pleased with lowly ways.

J. M.

VEILED

I am so sorry for the world
If what I've heard a truth should be,
That all it sees of Jesus Christ
Is what it sees of you and me.

What wonder that it blindly gropes
And seeks on earth its all to find,
If all its vision of the Christ
Is to our faulty lives confined.

J. M.

TWO PATHS

I stood where I could not abide,
Two pathways I could plainly see;
One path which looked most fresh and bright,
Lay in the sunshine luring me.

The other path forbidding lay,
Winding its way through shadows deep;
Strange dangers lurked on ev'ry side,
The path was stony, rough, and steep.

The pleasant path was firmly closed:
The other path I sadly took,
But thought about the pleasant path,
And ever cast a backward look.

Into my heart at last there stole
A consciousness most strangely sweet
Of Him who chose this path for me,
I knew, and felt, His love complete.

Then back I turned and faced the dark,
And chose as mine that perfect Will,
When lo! for me the light burst forth,
And did my inmost spirit fill.

The path which once looked bright to me,
Now seemed instead to lie in shade;
So bright the light which round me shone,
And flooded ev'ry nook and glade.

J. M.

RECOMPENSE

I've sometimes wished that I could do
At least some little thing,
Without the slightest recompense,
For Jesus Christ, my King.

Yet every simple act of love,
A recompense will bring —
Reward is always sure to come,
From Jesus Christ, my King.

J. M.

"THY GOD HATH COMMANDED THY STRENGTH"

When labor makes its stern demands,
And great thy tasks appear,
Work on with heartiest good-cheer,
Thy God thy strength commands.

When weakness — a thrice-armèd man —
Robs thee of all thy power,
Rejoice, nor let thy spirit cower,
God doth thy strength command.

When met by Lilliputian bands,
That vex thee and annoy,
Be glad, go forth, and sing for joy,
Thy God thy strength commands.

When foes press hard on ev'ry hand,
Temptations fierce assail,
Rejoice, nor let thy spirit quail,
God doth thy strength command.

If all alone in grief thou stand,
And sorrows overwhelm,
Fear not, thy Father holds the helm,
God doth thy strength command.

J. M.

JESUS AND CONFUCIUS

Confucius said, Thou shalt not do
Thy neighbor any ill;
But Jesus said, though men should hate
That we should love them still;
By deeds express to all mankind
Our heartiest good-will.
And when the King upon the throne
Shall say, "Depart," to those unknown,
'Twas not that cruel deeds they'd wrought —
No needed succor had they brought.

J. M.

THE SPIRIT

No living stream, whate'er its source,
However broad or deep its course,
Can reach such depth, can flow so free,
As does the Spirit given to thee.

One channel does the Spirit keep,
Nor ever does its bounds o'erleap;
That channel is a humble will,
Though sorely tried, obedient still.

J. M.

THE VISION

I stood upon the mountain top,
The heavens above me opened wide,
Transfixed, in awe I stood and gazed,
God's glory shone on ev'ry side.

Some problems which before were dark,
Were solved in that transcendent light;
The path which I should henceforth tread
Stretched plainly out before my sight.

Descended from that mountain top,
Stifling, the dusty road I found;
Footsore and often hard bested,
In pain I trod the stony ground.

The road was strange, I grew perplexed,
Which way to take I scarcely knew;
That vision of the mountain top,
Still mine, compelled me to be true.

J. M.

PETITION

We come in our weakness, temptations annoy,
We come, O thou Christ! for in thee is our joy;
We seek thy forgiveness, henceforth we would live
In the hope and the peace which thy spirit doth give.
Fill our hearts with thy fulness, this petition we raise,
That our words and our acts and our silence be praise.

J. M.

"GOD RESISTETH THE PROUD"

The Lord resists the proud of heart,
But freely gives His grace
To ev'ry humble, childlike soul
Who seeks to see His face.

O Christ! that we through pride of self
Should close our hearts to thee!
Search thou within and try our thoughts,
Let us our weakness see.

Oh, come with all thy cleansing power,
Refine our hearts from sin;
We shall be kept in perfect peace
When thou dost dwell within.

J. M.

"OUR SOUL WAITETH FOR THE LORD"

Father, all earthly care and fear
We leave to seek thy presence here;
Remove the veil that hides thy face,
We seek, O God! thy resting-place.

Oh, may no thought of self intrude,
With life from thee we'd be endued,
In thee we would our spirits lose.
'Tis thee, and only thee, we choose.

Thy grace alone hath power to free
Our thoughts that cling to things we see;
Our feelings lie unmoved and cold
Till touched by thee with love untold.

Come, Holy Spirit, with thy pow'r
Remove the clouds which round us low'r;
Shine forth, in all thy brightness shine,
Reveal thyself in light divine!

J. M.

"SEEK THE LORD AND HIS STRENGTH"

"'Tis sweet, O Christ, to seek thee,—
More blessed still to find,
In freshness of the morning
And vigor of the mind.
In press and throng of noonday,
And restlessness of mind,
'Tis sweet, O Christ, to seek thee,—
More blessed still to find!

'Tis sweet, O Christ, to seek thee,—
More blessed still to find,
In stillness of the evening
And quiet of the mind.
When shrouded in the darkness
In agony of mind,
'Tis sweet, O Christ, to seek thee,—
More blessed still to find.

J. M.

"I AM THE LORD, I CHANGE NOT"

Thou who dost thyself conceal
In the forms we daily see,
Come and to our hearts reveal
Thy great love and constancy.

Children of thy heavenly grace,
  Thanks we give for outward things;
But how blessed is the place,
  Whence our secret comfort springs!

Earth and sky are things which pass,
  Like a garment they grow old;
We are like the summer grass,
  Like a tale that's quickly told.

Thou who dost in glory dwell,
  Still thy wonders we will sing;
Let the mighty chorus swell,
  Earth and sky their praises bring.

J. M.

TRIUMPH

It matters not how weak I am,
I know the grace wherein I stand;
Eternal love, Almighty power!
I sing the triumph of the hour.

It matters not what storms arise,
I know the Pilot of the skies;
He holds the raging tempest still,—
I sing the triumph of His will!

L. S. M.

THE BLESSED

I hunger and I thirst!
  These are thy gifts, O God,
Whereby to fill with righteousness
  And shed thy love abroad.

I hunger and I thirst,
  Oh, manifest thy face,
I hunger for thy righteousness —
  For thy transforming grace.

I hunger and I thirst,
  And, while thy love is free,
Insatiate, O Lord, I come
  To fill my life with thee

I hunger and I thirst,
  And through eternity
Must feel a hunger to be filled
  From God's infinity.

Oh, hunger all of God,
  Oh, thirst that God hath willed;
Blessed are they that hunger *so* —
  So thirst — they shall be filled.

L. S. M.

"MY FATHER WORKETH AND I WORK"

We cannot do thy work, O God,
  Except thou work within
To will and do as pleaseth thee,
  And renovate from sin.

We cannot love as Jesus loved,
  His tender mercies know,
The Lord's abounding joy fulfill,
  His sweet compassions show.

Oh, dwell with us and work within,
Thy love to us be shown,
Thy joy, thy peace, thy righteousness,
O God, through us make known.

L. S. M.

"HE THAT SENT ME IS WITH ME"

My Father leaves me not alone,—
The light of life is He!
I do the thing that pleases Him,
And He abides with me.

Come follow me and ye shall know
Our oneness, and no night;
He dwells in light and I in Him,
Come walk with us in light.

If lacking, wisdom shall be given,
Come, cast on Him your care,
In trial find Omnipotence
Your daily cross to bear.

We hear thy gracious call, O Christ,
And gladly do we come,
We see the glory of Thy life,—
'Tis grace that makes us one.

L. S. M.

"PEACE, BE STILL"

Oh, tranquilize my soul, O God!
Thine own calm peace impart,—
Peace, passing understanding give,
Quiet this stir of heart.

Oh, tranquilize my soul, O God!
That hath its life in thee;
My spirit in thy spirit lives,
As lives thine own in me.

Then tranquilize my soul, O God!
Whence comes this restless toss?
It hath nor source nor part in thee,
Lord, comes it of my cross?

In all this tumult of the soul,
What is the gain or loss?
To know the weakness of the flesh
And recognize the cross?

Then tranquilize my soul, dear Lord,
Gethsemane was thine!
Thine was the pain and thine the cross,
The glory, too, divine!

L. S. M.

"I WILL GUIDE THEE WITH MINE EYE"

Shepherd of souls, thou Christ!
Thy listless sheep are we;
Amidst the din of voices
Oh, draw us close to thee.

Command our best attention,
And keep us in thy drill
Till we distinguish clearly
Thy voice, though small and still.

Oh, whisper to our spirit,
Our inmost heart explore;
Give to our souls enlargement
And we shall love thee more,—

And loving, we shall follow
Close by our Shepherd's side,
And when thy voice is silent
Thine eye shall be our guide.

L. S. M.

CAST ANCHOR AND WAIT FOR THE DAY"

I trust thee, O Father; thy word cannot fail;
But storms are about me, the night-winds prevail;
I'm alone in the darkness; oh, lead to the way
Where I may cast anchor and wait for the day.

I sure must find harbor, or may it not be
The tempest shall drive to a safe open sea,
The winds proving friendly to pilot the way
Where I may cast anchor and wait for the day?

Black clouds are above me. O God, what a sight
The lightnings reveal, in their flash of clear light!
Rocks! rocks all around me, oh, where is the way?
Right here I'll cast anchor and wait for the day.

I trust in God's word, in His love, in His might;
He sees in the darkness as well as the light;
Not a rock in the sea but he knows its lay;
I'm anchored in safety and wait for the day.

L. S. M.

IN GOD'S WORLD

We're in thy world, O God!
  Oh, blessed thing to feel,
When over all our earthly hopes
  Darkness hath set its seal!

Earth hath no power to hurt
  In what it takes or gives,
For we are in thy world, O God!
  Where life eternal is!

Fear not the power that kills
  This body — made to die —
Then hath no more that it can do,—
  The soul shall rise on high!

All things are yours, saith He,—
  How rich His children's dow'r!
Not only life, but death is yours,
  With resurrection pow'r!

Ascended with our Lord,
  Joint heirs with Him above,
Like Him, we'll live our life in God,
  Transcendent life of love!

L. S. M.

GOD OUR STRENGTH

Dear Lord, I lay my hand in thine,
  My heart at thy command,
  Too weak to grasp thy hand of strength,
Hold fast, O Christ, to mine.

What joy, what rest to feel thy hand,
  What peace, O Christ, to know,
  Whatever stress this earth may bring,
Thy word of love shall stand —

Stand, though the earth shall pass away;
  Stand, though the heavens shall fall;
  Stand, through all sorrow, sickness, death,
Stand in the perfect day.

Oh, for a love which loves like thine
  This world for whom Christ died —
  My God with soul, might, mind, and strength,
My neighbor's good as mine.

L. S. M.

ISAIAH LVIII

If thou wilt loose the bonds of sin,
  And take the outcast home,
If thou wilt heal the wounded heart,
  And bid the weary come;

Then shall thy light break forth afresh,
  Its brightness shalt thou see,
Thy righteousness shall go before,
  God's glory follow thee.

The Lord shall be thy constant guide,
  And satisfy thee still,
And thou shalt be like living springs;
  His love thy soul shall fill.

J. M.

PSALM XVI

My portion is the Lord my God,
  My lot thou dost maintain secure,
In pleasant places I abide,
  Oh, goodly heritage and sure!

The path of life thou showest me,
  Before thy face I'll ever stand,
The fullest joy and pleasures are
  Forever more at thy right hand.

J. M.

PSALM XLII

As pants the hart for water brooks,
  So pants my soul for thee,
My soul desires the living God,
  His gracious face to see.

O God! my spirit is cast down,
  And sorrows vex my soul;
Thy waves have all gone over me,
  Thy billows o'er me roll.

Oh, why art thou disquieted?
  And why cast down, my soul?
Hope thou in God, His countenance
  Shall all thy fears control.

Unto thy house I gladly went
  With multitudes to praise,
We kept thy gladsome holyday
  With thankful, joyful lays.

I will recall thy kindnesses,
Rich gifts through all the days,
And in the night my song shall be
A song of prayer and praise.

Then why art thou cast down, my soul?
And why disquiet made?
Hope thou in God, His countenance
Shall yet give sov'reign aid.

J. M.

PSALM CXVI

I love the Lord, for He hath heard
My supplicating voice,
He hath inclined His ear to me,
He is my only choice!

Long as I live on Him I'll call,
For He hath been my help;
When sorrows compassed me about
In love with me He dealt.

Most gracious is our righteous Lord,
Our God is merciful;
I was brought low, His sovereign aid
To me was bountiful!

Return unto thy rest, my soul,
The Lord preserveth thee —
Thine eyes from tears, thy feet from fall —
Thy bonds are loosed for thee!

What shall I render to the Lord
For all His grace to me?

His benefits exceed His fame,
So bountifully free!

Although His name fills heaven and earth,
'Tis not in human tongue
To sound Jehovah's glory forth,—
His praises are unsung!

Salvation's brimming cup I'll take,
And call upon the Lord,
Will offer sacrifice of thanks,—
Believing, speak His word.

Forever, Lord, thy truth endures,—
Mercy for our complaints;
And precious in thy sight is held
The death of all thy saints.

I'll pay my vows unto the Lord,
Upon His name I'll call,
Here in thy midst, Jerusalem,
Thy courts, O Lord of all.

L. S. M.

PSALM CXXI

Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,
From thence my help shall flow;
The Lord, who made the heaven and earth,
Defends from ev'ry foe.

Nor shall thy foot be ever moved,
Thy keeper will not sleep;
The Lord is still thy cooling shade,
His sun thy blessing sweet.

The sun shall smite thee not by day,
Nor shall the moon by night;
The Lord shall ever thee preserve,
He keeps thee in His sight.

The Lord from ev'ry evil thing
Shall ever thee secure;
Thy going out and coming in
Shall be forever sure.

J. M.

PSALM CXXI — R. V.

Above the mountains is our God!
Our help shall come from whence?
Jehovah made the earth and heaven,—
Our help shall come from thence!

He slumbers not that keepeth thee;
Thy foot shall stand secure,
He will not suffer to be moved
What He himself makes sure.

Thy keeper is the Lord thy God,
Thy shade upon thy right,
The sun shall smite thee not by day
Nor yet the moon by night.

From evil He thy soul shall keep,
The Lord thy keeper is;
Thy going out, thy coming in,
Forevermore are His.

L. S. M.

PSALM CXLIII

Give ear, O Lord, my prayer attend,
My supplication hear,
Nor enter into judgment, Lord,—
Thy servant teach thy fear.

I call to mind the days of old,
Upon thy works I muse,
How precious are thy thoughts to me,
Thy paths alone I choose.

My soul is thirsting for the Lord,
As parched and thirsty land,
I supplicate thy favor, Lord,
With eager, outstretched hand.

Oh, hear me speedily, my Lord,
My spirit fails for thee;
Lest I should fall in darkest pit
Hide not thy face from me.

Thy lovingkindness I implore,
In thee my trust shall be,
Show me the way where I should walk,
I lift my soul to thee.

Thy spirit, Lord, is only good,
Teach me to do thy will,
And may my inmost, secret thought
Thy word of life fulfill.

J. M.

PSALM XXXIV

I will at all times bless the Lord,
  My mouth shall speak His praise,
My soul shall make her boast in God
  Through all the passing days.

Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
  Let us exalt His name,
Together bless His holy will,
  Together speak His fame.

I sought the Lord, He heard my prayer,
  Inclined His ear to hear,
He hath in love delivered me
  From ev'ry secret fear.

The angel of the Lord our God
  Encampeth round about,
And those who fear the Lord alone
  Are led in safety out.

Oh, taste and see that God is good;
  That man shall blessed be,
Who, in the time of trouble deep,
  Doth put his trust in thee.

The Lord redeemeth ev'ry soul
  Who seeks to do His will,
Nor desolate shall be the heart
  Who loves and trusts Him still.

J. M.

VERSES FOR THE CHILDREN

HERALDS

I heard a little bluebird,
While still upon the wing,
Sing out in joyous sweetness,
"'Tis spring, 'tis spring, 'tis spring!"

A tiny little snowdrop
Came pushing through the snow,
And said with modest boldness,
"The spring is here, I know."

And ev'ry stream of water
From Ice King just set free,
Now broke its long, cold silence
And laughed aloud in glee.

Each pussy on the willow,
With soft and silky fur,
Said spring had come, quite plainly,
Without a mew or purr.

The willow trees whose branches
Like light-green feathers wave,
And willows sadly weeping
O'er winter's fresh-made grave,

The same glad tale were telling,
While ev'ry gentle breeze
Still made a low soft whisper
Among the fresh young leaves.

And crowds of tulips nodded
Their heads of gold and red;
They danced for very gladness —
I can't tell what they said.

If frosty winds are blowing,
And snow falls on the roof,
Oh, do not be disheartened —
The heralds speak the truth!

J. M.

CHRISTMAS EVE

The air is filled with snowflakes white,
The wind is crisp and cold,
And all the ears and noses feel
Jack Frost is very bold.

How merrily the sleighbells ring,
How swift the cutters fly,
How cheerily the children sing,
And do you wonder why?

O children, hurry, quickly come
And be as still as mice,
For Santa Claus is on the roof,
He'll be here in a trice.

He's such a jolly little man,
They say he's good and kind,
He'll stuff those stockings to the brim,
I wonder what you'll find!

Now children, you will think it queer,
It often comes to me,
Though Santa Claus is generous,
How partial he must be.

Poor children stand outside the stores,
Their little feet all bare,

They look with hungry, longing eyes,—
But Santa doesn't care!

The strangest thing about it is,
'Tis Christ the Lord's own day;
He loved the poor and lonely ones
And those who went astray.

Since Santa doesn't care for them
I wish the children might,
And go and share with them their store
And make their Christmas bright.

More merrily the bells would ring,
More swift the cutters fly,
More cheerily the children sing,
Nor would we wonder why!

J. M.

NIGHT AND MORNING

When the sun in the evening
Has sunk in the west,
And has bidden good night,
Before going to rest,
Run and jump into bed
And close your eyes tight,
Let the room be quite dark,
Put out ev'ry light.

And through the long nighttime
Sleep soundly and well,
Don't visit the dreamland
Where the hobgoblins dwell;

But if the good fairies
Should visit your bed,
You might listen intently
To all that is said.

When the sun in the morning
Peeks in through the glass,
And calls to the children,
"Little lad, little lass,"
Open wide those closed peepers
And tell the bright sun,
"We'll not keep you waiting,
"We're ready to come."

And when in your hurry
You jump out of bed,
Take care, there's a right and
A wrong side, 'tis said.
If you jump out the wrong side,
I fear you will be
As cross little children
As I care to see.

Now dress yourselves quickly
And wash ev'ry face;
Come, comb your hair, children,
Each shoe you must lace;
Oh, there comes the breakfast!
'Twill be smoking hot,
I am glad you are ready,
Yes, each little tot!

Let us thank the good Father
For sleep of the night,
For food and for clothing,
And the sweet morning light;

His gifts are unnumbered,
  His blessings still fall,
Give thanks with your voices
  To the Father of all.

J. M.

A WARNING

A blue jay flew with swiftness,
  And dashed against the glass;
He fell, and lay as if quite dead
  Upon the fresh green grass.

A kind hand raised the blue jay,
  On loving service bent,
One instant only did he fear,
  Then lay as if content.

And though this bird recovered
  Upon that bright June day,
Yet twenty other little birds
  Had perished where he lay.

Beware, both birds and children,
  Be careful where you fly,
And when you speed with swiftness on,
  Look out for dangers nigh.

J. M.

LUCIA

Her father said to Lucia,
"Don't touch this paper, dear,"
Then laid it down, within her reach,
Upon a table near.

How Lucia longed to touch it!
She thought herself alone,
So, lightly touched it with her hand,
And said in undertone,

"I wis' I tould be dood,
Not touch dis paper so."
Now don't you think this Lucia like
A little girl you know?

J. M.

TWO PICTURES

First

Her sunny curls hung lightly down,
Her eyes were dark, a chestnut brown,
Each movement showed a native grace,
Most beautiful her fresh young face.
She spoke, and tossed her pretty head,
And this is what she sharply said,
"You think you're very smart, I see,
You're just as mean as you can be!"

Second

No sunny curls hung lightly down,
Her eyes were gray instead of brown,
Her movements showed no special grace,
Nor beautiful her winning face.

She spoke, but did not toss her head,
And this is what she kindly said,
"I'm sorry that we hurt you so,
The other girls are sorry, too."

J. M.

THIEVES

Why, when I see a little girl
  That's scowling darkly now,
I wonder who it was that stole
  The sunshine from her brow.

If I were she I would pursue
  And catch the robber-chief,
And then I'd put the sunshine on
  And keep it from the thief.

And when I see a little boy
  That frets when chores appear,
I wonder who it was that stole
  His whistle of good-cheer.

If I were he I would pursue
  Until I caught the thief,
And then I'd whistle loud enough
  To make the rascal deaf.

J. M.

WHO KNOWS?

A butterfly was flitting
About in careless bliss;
He gaily thought, without a word,
"I'm not a chrysalis!"

A little frog was perching
Upon a great big log;
He croaked, while proudly sitting there,
"I'm not a polliwog!"

A peacock strutted vainly,
Dressed gaily as a belle;
"I'm glad," he cried, with haughty looks,
"I'm not within a shell!"

Then an enormous bulldog
Went stalking round the place,
And growled, "I'm not a puppy small,
'Twould be a sore disgrace!"

Though very wise the grown folks,
Though very tall and trim,
Keep up good heart, my little folks,—
Who knows what they have been?

J. M.

MISSION RALLY

"O mamma, quick! let me go too
For John an' Sue an' Sallie,
Every one of 'em are going
To 'tend the Mission Rally.'

"But, Jamie, you are very young,
My little boy must know
Just what a Mission Rally means
Before I let him go."

"You've told me, mamma, lots of times
What missionaries do,
An' Cousin Jane is going to be
A missionary too.

"Quick, mamma, quick, do tell me, quick!
I know I just heard Sallie
Say, 'Come, it's time for us to go
To 'tend the Mission Rally.'

"If I am only four years old,
I guess I ain't a heathen,
For I know all 'bout Jesus Christ,
An' I know all 'bout heaven.

"An' Mission Rally means, wake up,
An' everybody go
An' put the money in the box
So heathen folks'll know."

"I see, my boy, you understand,
And you shall go with Sallie,
To put your money in the box
And 'tend the Mission Rally."

L. S. M.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES

The soul's deepest passions never are told.
Nature enthralls — 'tis her glory to hold
Captive the soul in entrancing caress,
Which, would you fly, proves a charmèd duress.
Change of the scene breaks the magical spell.
Impress, the vision, the music as well,
Remain with the spirit, its riches enhance —
Forces impelling to constant advance.
They all give enlargement, the being make broad,
Ennoble the soul in the greatness of God.
Onward! New scenes bring a ravishing stress —
Stress of delights beyond pow'r to express.
Poets, with heavenly art, try in vain
To sing of a glacier one adequate strain —
Paint in word-picture the plumage of bird —
The grace and the movement of nature's wild herd —
Charm of the cataract tumbling adown,
Dashing o'er cliffs from mountains around,
Mingling, in fury, or spray soft as dew
Colored with rainbows of every hue,
With the still waters that quietly flow,
Winding a river through valley below.
Valley with music so set to the scene
That the soul of who listens, awed and serene,
Wakes in surprise to discover anew
Nature in harmony, perfect all through.
Deep organ tones of the cataract's roar
Chime so exactly, man finds evermore,
Vibrating within, the chords of a lyre
Tunèd to nature by hands that are higher.
A child, when a rainbow burst first into sight,
Threw her hands high in wildest delight,

Exclaiming in awe, yet in rapturous glee,
"Oh, I tan't 'peak it! Tan't 'peak it! Tum see!"
Older indeed, yet like children are we,
Tell if you can, what you hear, what you see;
Give us the scene from a telescope view —
I cannot speak it, nor speak it can you.
It must be seen! Could you tell what is felt,
The faith of the world into substance would melt.

L. S. M.

THE ONE I FOUND

Bursting into tears she said, "Is it possible you have interest in one so low down?"

I found her in *her* house
Whose feet go down to death;
Of cultivated mien,
With much of beauty left.

She answered to the bell,
Met me with blank surprise,
Reluctant let me in,
With strangeness in her eyes.

She had no brazen look,
But stony-like despair;
With such intelligence
How ever came she there?

I gave my errand then,
Was looking for another —
A poor, misguided child —
To bring her to her mother.

A drop of pearly dew,
  Condensed by the cool night.
Holds in itself complete
  The many rays of light,—

So her cold night condensed
  One most potential word,
That held for her all love,
  All light, all life — she heard —

Heard that one word, *mother*,—
  The stony face relaxed;
I saw a chord was touched,
  A change appeared, I asked,

"Is Marion Brighton here?
  (Though that is not her name),
'Tis she I came to see,—
  This Marion is the same."

"She's gone to-day," she said,
  "But will return to-morrow.
Her story is most sad,
  So brimming full of sorrow."

"Now will you let me sit,"
  I said, "and hear you tell
The story of her life,
  Which you must know so well?"

She brought a chair for me,
  And one, too, for herself;
Then the sad history
  Was taken from the shelf.

Transfigured she became
While talking, and I heard
The tragic eloquence
That burned in ev'ry word.

She forgot who, what, where
She was — herself forgot —
All except Marion
And her unhappy lot.

The girl she wished to save,
Restore her to her home,—
"For there they mourn for her,
Pleading, 'Why won't she come?'"

Her face shone luster light,
Her words were all aglow;
I saw her as in truth
And innocence, I know.

My heart broke forth, "I now
Have interest in you!"
Then bursting into tears
She wailed, "Can it be true?"

"Can you have interest
In one sunk so low down,
Whom all, e'en my own father,
Would cast off with a frown?

"He is a clergyman,
Presiding elder, he,
Who cared for his own will
More than he cared for me.

"Self willed, I went from home
In anger — all amiss —
And married him who brought me
To such a home as this.

"And now there's nothing left
In all this world for me,
Only degradation,
Which you so plainly see."

"Oh, don't despair," I urged,
"For Jesus will receive;
If you would only come,
He'd freely all forgive."

"Never would my father!
I know that Jesus would,
If I could only come
To Him — oh, if I could!"

I'd travel many miles
To find a Marget Howe,
Whose faith and love and wisdom
Wrought then, perhaps would now

Upon a Lachlan Campbell,
In showing him his pride
Which holds him thus from bringing
This daughter to his side.

L. S. M.

SELF DEFEAT

An inadvertent blow may wound,
  A wounding unto death,
But painless on the spirit fall,
  Which, cheerful, yields the breath.

A word from love itself may give,
  A blow no love could fend,
Which hurts the body, not the soul,
  To death no sting can lend.

But malice never gave a blow
  Cruel through hate and sin,
That might not give, like game's miss hits,
  A shorter cut to win.

Who rolls a stone, will find, alas!
  On him the stone comes back
With the momentum it was sent,
  To him, momentous fact.

Touch not the missile hurled at thee,
  Nor once in wrath resent;
A kick would give the thing a bound
  Above the head that sent.

L. S. M.

AN ARMENIAN

God will avenge Armenia's slain,
Or He hath uttered words in vain;
All Moslem rule and hate must cease,
And God bring in the reign of peace.

"My word shall not return, "saith He,
"Till it accomplish my decree,
And not one jot or tittle fail,
Till truth and righteousness prevail!"

"How long, O Lord, how long?" we pray;
"A thousand years — to thee a day —
Seem long to our ephem'ral life
Midst carnage, famine, blood, and strife.

"'Tis not the martyred host we mourn,
By fiercest anguish rent and torn,
Come up through tribulation great,
They passed within the pearly gate.

"But we the living — not yet slain!
Our life one scene of living pain!
We hear our God on ev'ry side
By Allah's murd'rous host defied."

"How long, O Lord, how long," we pray,
"Shall Moslem Turks have pow'r to slay
Thy children — trusting in thy word,
And loving thee to seal of blood?"

"The nations of the earth pass by,
Behold the carnage as we die,
Having the pow'r give no relief!
Christian nations? Past belief!

"Art thou our Father — children we,
Secure in thy immensity —
Safely intrenched where earth is trod,
By oath and promise of a God?

"What means thy promise? We are killed!
From morn to morn our days are filled
With sick'ning horrors that appall!
Oh, give a faith surmounting all!

"Thou who didst save from furnace fire
Canst save from man's insatiate ire;
Who safety gave in lion's den,
Can'st thou not save from fiercest men?

"Oh, wouldst thou heal the 'severed ear,'
Wouldst show thy pow'r, right now and here,
To bring our murdered ones to life!
Thy sov'reign word would end the strife."

"My thoughts are not your thoughts, O man,
Nor are my ways as thine;
But higher, as the heavens than earth,
So than thy ways are mine.

"From all eternity I laid
My plan so deep, so broad;
When you can fathom my design
You comprehend a God!"

L. S. M.

WHO ARE MOST BLEST?

Are they, from toil exempt and free,
  Who live at ease, most blest?
Life brings to such monotony,
  The restlessness of rest.

They're not most blest who most are loved,
But they who love the most;
Not they who have a host of friends,
But who befriend a host.

They're not most blest who have received
Christ's message from above,
But they who send that message forth
To all the world in love.

They are most blest who fill this life
With most of life eternal,
Who, shrinking not from toil and strife,
Transmute to joys supernal.

L. S. M.

"FOREVER WITH THE LORD"

With mind for months obscured,
He seemed so far away,
And lonely were the hours
I passed from day to day.

I sought in vain to place him,—
A portion seemed so hid,
The portion that responded
To all I said and did.

And still he was among us,
And walking at my side;
Not here, nor was he there,
But he was with his Guide,

Who led him to the Father
That sitteth on the Throne,
To be with Christ forever,—
The weary one brought home.

And now he seems so near me,
Just as he was before,
He's here, he's there, and growing
In spirit evermore.

He waited for the transit,
And now for us he waits;
Oh, thou blest Guide eternal,
Bring us within "The Gates."

L. S. M.

THE CHANGE

Oh, what must it be when a spirit set free,
Through the "beautiful mystery" — death,
From groping his way, in a dark, with no day,
Is changed in a moment — a breath,
From blindness to sight!
Where the Lamb on the Throne is forever the Light.

L. S. M.

TO C. A. I.

Those flowers!— Memorial of the living,
Sweet tribute for the dead,
Whose beauty and whose fragrance
On ambient air are shed;
Fit emblem of her life
Whose loving word and deed
Poured forth as precious ointment
Bring now the highest meed.

L. S. M.

SING ON

Sing on, sing on, sweet bird,
And let thy music thrill
The hearts of those who crave thy song, as I
When mine is cold and still.

Sing on, sing on, sweet bird,
Nor once forget that all
Thy sweetest songs are not thine own,
But strains from heaven let fall.

Sing on, sing on, sweet bird,
Give back to heaven its own;
Thy comforting of hearts shall rise
Incense, when thou art flown.

L. S. M.

WRONGS THAT RIGHT AND HURTS THAT HEAL

The wrongs of the world
Are their own beacon-light,
Give heed to its warning
And steer your course right.

The hurts of the world
Are the surgeon's keen knife,
Whose cutting and slashing
Protect health and life.

L. S. M.

MY BIRTHDAY

Dear Daisy,
Your little booklet brought to me,
More vivid than e'er I had seen,
"1823——————————1893"
And my life but a dash between.

L. S. M.

A DREAM

I dreamed that our nation had squandered
The boon they so long had enjoyed —
Prosperity, peerless, unrivaled —
Bewildered, were groping to find
The secret incautiously lost.

Thank God, it was only a dream,
Yet dream that was awful and real;
I prayed to the God of all nations,
"Oh, show to our nation, bewildered,
Just where the lost secret to find,
And finding, oh, teach them to hold
The treasure, so hard to restore.
Prosperity's secret is vital!
Our nation must find it to live!
Oh, may they while groping recall
What they in beginning held dear;
Found neither in silver nor gold,
Inherent in honor and truth;
The secret of thrift in a nation
Is always and only in thee!

L. S. M.

OUR BOYS

Coming from church I saw boys on the corner,
'Twas after election — the sixth of November;
There were eight — perhaps ten of them — earnest and bright,
And the topic that held them, I guessed at first sight.
"You talk of the president — who may he be?"
"Don't know"—"Cleveland"—"Blaine," answered one, two, and three.
"You're naming your choices?" "Yes, ma'am, that we be,"
"We are waiting returns, pretty soon we shall see;
Connecticut, New York and New Jersey are sure;
If Nevada goes right our choice is secure."
Excitement made ev'ry face glowing and bright,
Their intelligence shining with luster and light.

"You'll all vote soon, boys,"—"Seven years," and "Eight I"—
And with real admiration I slowly passed by.
I thought as I went, with much joy and some sorrow,
Our boys of to-day are our men of to-morrow.

For I thought of the men who jeopard their soul
For love of strong drink and the free flowing bowl;
So with my deep joy, there was some shade of sorrow,
Will the boys of to-day be *such* men of to-morrow?

The hope of our country, our country forever!
Thou Spirit of Power, oh, band them together,
And so teach our girls truth, that they will stand with them,
Strong to help, through the grace and the virtue they give them.

Then flame forth the law, boys, always written within;
It will save you from drinking, will save you from sin;
And we'll think with great joy and no trace of sorrow,
Our boys of to-day are our men of to-morrow.

L. S. M.

A TRUE INCIDENT

The mother taught her boy right well,
When she said, "No," and he said, "Tell—"
She was firm, and so was he,
Just as boys are apt to be.
And so it was, one Christmastide,
He peered around till he espied —
She was firm, and so was he,
Just as boys are apt to be —
A package that was tied all nice,
"What's in it?" asked he in a trice —
She was firm, and so was he,
Just as boys are apt to be.
"I've taught you not to ask, my son,
You see the package yet undone."
She was firm, and so was he,
Just as boys are apt to be.
To both, that proved a trying day,
The boy set out to force his way,
He was firm, and so was she,
Just as mothers ought to be.
The little flame threw out just this,
"If you won't tell, then I won't kiss!"
She was firm, and so was he,
Just as boys are apt to be.
Passed weeks and months, unchanged the twain,
"What's in that bundle?" urged in vain.

She was firm, and so was he,
Just as boys are apt to be.
A year! How could he stand it longer!
His love, repressed, than will grew stronger;
His heart did ache, and hers did too,
Just as mothers' often do.
That very day the dike gave way,
The pent-up swell behind it;
On rushed the tide that could not stay,
No press of will to mind it.
The pain and grief of those long months
Dissolved in tears that flowed together,
He threw his arms around her neck
And kissed and kissed and kissed her!
The passion of his grief o'erpast,
His spirit made most humble,
He raised his eyes to mamma's face
And asked, "*What was there in that bundle?*"

L. and J.

Written for the woman's edition of the Canton *Daily Register*, February 12, 1895.

In the "Poet's Corner"
You offered me a place,
Alas! I could not take it,
Without a poet's grace.
Like Granville, then, I prayed —
"Your aid, O muses, bring!"
Alas! for me, if not for Granville,
Muses refuse to sing.
O muse! I cried, I will pursue you;
A still, small voice replied,
"I never knew you."

L. S. M.

SLEEP*

Good morning, Dame Nature, Good morning, sweet light,
Sleep's mighty dominion hath held me to-night.
Sleep! Wonderful Sleep! Would'st thy secret disclose,
How much would remain of the world's direst woes?
Balm of the gods, like an all-healing wort,
For spirits, perchance, that an archer hath hurt,
Unrivalled as conqueror in the world's strife,
Sleep, mightiest Sleep, thou hast conquered all life,
Achieving thy conquests by holding quite still
In a bloodless embrace, all foes to thy will;
Not for spoils for thyself — 'tis thy pride to bestow
The wealth of all conquests on each fallen foe.
Oh, give to our soldiers — the wounded and weak,
The boon of thy power, thou life-giving Sleep,
Thy triumphs we nightly invoke for us still,
Oh, hold us all captive in thy sovereign will.

L. S. M.

I DO NOT KNOW

When life appears a tangled skein
I seek to straighten all in vain,
My spirit stilled, no word can say,
So crushed my heart, no form can pray —
My soul's whole strength, from depth of woes,
Breathes forth the prayer, God knows! God knows!
I rise made strong, my spirit whole,
The peace of God pervades my soul,
My words are there, an answered prayer,
God knows! God knows!

*This poem was written after a refreshing night's sleep following a day of suffering.

But when the world's vast needs appear,
I seal my heart and close my ear,
Refuse to do, refuse to know
The knowledge that would make me do,—
Then dare to pray, "Thy kingdom come,
Thy will on earth, O Lord, be done,
I do not know the work at all,
But thou, O Christ, dost know it all—"
My words lie there, unanswered prayer —
I ought to know!

L. S. M.

DIFFERENT STANDPOINTS

Two buckets, so the story runs,
Were going to a well;
One bucket that looked old and worn
Spoke where the shadows fell,

"I think, however full I go,
I'm empty when I come,"
The other answered cheerily
While glitt'ring in the sun,

"However empty I come back,
With joy I always think,
That to the brim I shall be full
When in the well I sink."

J. M.

COMFORT

When tossed about with care and pain,
When rest I seek, yet all in vain,
When anxious thoughts of what will be
To me or mine, are chafing me,
The greatest comfort is, I trow,
The gossips know! The gossips know!

J. M.

IN THE NAME OF THE LORD

"Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." Col. iii: 17.

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine."

—GEORGE HERBERT

'Tis easy, quite, these words to read,
Not so to sweep the room,
Clearly "as for thy laws" so pure
To wield in faith the broom;

To keep a sense undimmed and strong
Of truth which underlies,
To find amid the whirling dust
The law which sense defies:

Amid the common humdrum tasks
To make the "action fine,"
Bring into all our earthly toil
The heavenly life divine.

J. M.

SOWING AND REAPING

If each seed of truth you scatter
  Should bring forth a thousand-fold,
Would your barns be filled to bursting
  With the grain which they would hold?

If each little act of kindness
  Should the richest harvest bring,
Would you need to build new storerooms
  When the shouts of harvest ring?

J. M.

"OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD"

The faults you strive to overcome,
  Will yield to noble deeds;
With precious seed sow well the soil,
  Not simply pull the weeds.

In striving to forget yourself,
  Yourself you keep in mind,
The thing you're striving to forget,
  You're always sure to find.

A heart that's brimming o'er with love,
  Nothing of self can hold;
When love is manifest in deeds,
  It brings a joy fourfold.

When you some harsh, unfriendly word
  Are tempted sore to say,
Wait till a tender, gracious word
  Has first had right of way.

If ever restless you should feel,
Proud and ambitious grow,
Seek to become a little child —
The kingdom enter so.

If you are vexed because you think
Your things are old and worn,
Just share with those in greater need,
Whose clothes are really torn.

If in detractive, slighting words,
You find a secret sting,
Seek what of truth they may infold,
With strength correction bring.

If you are oft dissatisfied,
And bitterly complain,
Because your castles built in air
No real form can gain,

Why, build a woodshed good and strong —
It is a useful thing,
'Twill clear your brain of idle dreams,
And solid comfort bring.

J. M.

'BEHOLD WE COUNT THEM HAPPY WHICH ENDURE"

"We count them happy which endure!"
Then why can't we be happy too?
For each can find some little thing
He cannot cure.

"We count them happy which endure!"
Then let us all be happy too;
Each bear his burden, great or small,
With purpose pure.

J. M.

MY NEIGHBOR

My neighbor should be thoughtful,
Most kind and cheerful be,
Nor should he make his burdens
A feather's weight to me.

He should be honest always,
His fences should be strong,
And he should be so patient
No matter what the wrong.

His house and lawn and garden
Should always be kept neat,
His dog and cat and chickens
Should always clean their feet.

He never should be stingy,
Nor should he wasteful be,
He ever should be humble,
Nor others' frailties see.

I, too, would have him social,
Yet always wise in speech;
And when he speaks most lightly
Some useful lesson teach.

I doubt not he should humor
Most carefully my whim;
I see with perfect clearness
The path that's right for him.

One thought will come unbidden
And gives me secret pain;
What if my neighbor's vision
Should see my path as plain?

J. M.

DEPRIVATION

Where trumpet vines luxuriant grow,
And honeysuckles twine,
The busy bee can store its hive
With honey from the vine.
But where the desert sands outstretch,
And ev'ry rock is bare,
'Tis hard for e'en a *busy* bee
To find its winter fare.

J. M.

THE SURFACE

To smile, yet be in pain,
To laugh, yet scarce know why,
A light and mirthful joy to feign,
Because another's by.

To talk on many a theme,
Yet speak the heart in none;
To make your life to others seem
Your choice which you have won.

J. M.

WITHOUT A DEGREE

Who taught that nightingale to sing
Those notes that burst in rapture forth?
The melody must surely bring
A joy to all who hear him sing.

What! no one taught the bird that song?
No skillful master, training gave?
Why, surely then it must be wrong
To *let* the birdling sing his song!

J. M.

A DIAMOND

How often as children we all have been told
That speech is but silver and silence is gold;
But power to speak or be silent at will,
To know when and how to speak out or be still,
A diamond would be of measureless worth,
More precious than any we have upon earth.

J. M

LIMITATION

These narrow lives, so commonplace,
By outward limitation bound,
Have still for those who seek aright,
Expansion which no limit knows.
The center of a circle true,
The smallest thing, the merest point,
The radii no bound may know,
The ever wid'ning circle seek.

So at the center of our lives
The spirit's forces dormant lie,
But they can follow, if they wake,
Yet never, never can o'ertake
The limitless ideal.

J. M.

A DISTINCTION

When pity's poured o'er wounded hearts
It only gives a keener sting,
But flowing forth from hearts of love,
Your sympathy doth healing bring.

J. M.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

The older Generation sat
And shook his hoary head,
"It was not so when I was young,"
With emphasis, he said.

The younger Generation stood
And held erect his head,
"It is not as it used to be,
More light! More light!" he said.

The older Generation mourned
The thoughts which time had freed,
The younger Generation spurned
The old cast-iron creed.

And yet the vital essence, still,
Of truth, remains the same,
Though couched in varied formulæ,
And under varied name.

The younger need not vaunt in pride,
Although his dress be new;
The older, need not think, in pain,
The old alone is true.

J. M.

FREEDOM

The body, made an instrument
Of human feeling, will, and thought,
Becomes, bereft of strength and pow'r,
A cage, with bars of iron wrought.

Yet, though impregnable the cage,
It hath no pow'r, in bonds to hold
The spirit which the Christ hath freed,
The living, vital, human soul.

J. M.

INFLUENCE

We strive by words to make one know
A simple truth, we love it so,
But though we strive, 'tis all in vain,
Till by an act of love they gain
Admittance to our thought.

Sometimes our words have made quite clear
A simple truth, that we hold dear,
And yet we find 'tis all in vain,
An act of self obscures again
The entrance to our thought.

J. M.

RICHES

That life is rich that freely gives
  Its sympathy and care;
That counts as gain love's sharpest pain,
  Nor will its treasures spare.

That life is rich that keeps in touch
  With human hopes and fears,
Whose heart doth know the overflow
  Of others' joys and tears.

J. M.

A CHARACTERIZATION

Sometimes a vital thought appears
  Writ in italics on the soul,
Belongs to one peculiarly,
  And dominates the whole.

His words and acts unconsciously
  Discover to the world this thought;
It lends a strength and dignity;
  Wins homage all unsought.

Unlike to him of narrow mind,
  His thoughts are ever broad and free;
One thought, by a peculiar power,
  Blends other thoughts to harmony.

J. M.

"HAVE DOMINION OVER ALL THE EARTH"

How strange that man's dominion,
His sovereign control,
Should bow in abject slavery
The affections of the soul.

The forces he has conquered,
And holds in bondage still,
Have, by insidious power,
Enslaved the heart and will.

He bows before the idols
Which his own hands have made,
While the dignity of manhood,
Low in the dust is laid.

J. M.

THE IDEAL

I would not dwarf the high ideal
Down to my stature low;
I choose the stinging, humbling smart
Of failure while I grow.

'Tis earnest of eternal growth,
This limitless Ideal;
Enchained to earth the soul must live
Which seeks no higher weal.

J. M.

UNKNOWN

Unconscious 'neath the surface lie
The powers of heart and mind,
Nor can the keenest thought explore
That region deep and undefined.
'Tis fragments only that we see,
Nor knowledge of our selves can win;
The unknown future makes appeal
To unknown depths concealed within.

J. M.

CAGED

Some birds, while prisoned in a cage,
Their sweetest songs persistent sing,
While others dash against the bars
And bruise the head, and break the wing.

Now if your soul must have a cage,
Be sure your sweetest songs to sing,
Nor have within your iron bars
A bruisèd head, a broken wing.

J. M.

MY MESSAGE

"The word, in darkness, taught thee,
Now speak, in light, for me;"
I heard the voice distinctly,
"My witness thou shalt be."

What changes in my purpose
That word, in darkness, brought;
But simple was the message,
There to my spirit taught.

And yet it was *my* message,
The word which *I* should speak,
I might not sit in silence
Because my words seemed weak.

When deeper words were given
For other lips to say,
With eloquence and beauty
Emitting brighter ray;

Still was my message with me,
Entrusted to my care,
I might not change its accent,
No other message bear.

J. M.

THANKSGIVING

Be thankful, O my people;
Most bountiful and free
Are the blessings of the Father
Coming constantly to thee.
How brightly on your hearthstones
The household fires burn;
The sowing of the seedtime
Hath brought a rich return.

Be thankful, O my people;
The star of hope shines bright,
Our nation still shall prosper
Beneath the heaven's clear light;
May ev'ry wrong be righted
And dark oppression cease,
And universal brotherhood
Bring universal peace.

J. M.

REMEMBRANCES

I sat within my quiet nook,
  While others' thoughts were borne to me;
In common, earthly forms they came,
  Such forms as daily one might see;
And yet I knew the impulse sweet
Was for an angel's spirit meet.

When we to others send our thoughts,
  Though clothed in simple, homespun dress,
If they would read the impulse there,
  Which would another's hearthstone bless,
Though love should simplest garment wear,
She would a heavenly message bear.

J. M.

TO DAISY

This full-blown rose I send to thee,
  And ask thee to accept,
Although you begged its life of me
  And wished it to be kept;
For die it must, and ere it die
  'Twill witness to one truth,
Just take the language of the bud —
  You knew this well, forsooth!

J. M.

TO LAURA J.*

How glad I was to see your face,
To know your name and age;
If I had seen your head alone,
I'd take you for a sage.

"How old am I?" I may not tell,
But sadly must confess
I've reached the age when women ask
The curious to guess.

J. M.

TO LAURA J.

The other picture showed your head,
But this reveals your heart,
By poets, if not sages, deemed
The nobler, higher part.

Your hands, outstretched in blessings rare
Upon your father's head,
Make glad my heart that on my path
Some distant beam is shed.

J. M.

*Upon receiving a picture on the back of which was written, "My name is Laura J———— and I am just 140 days old. How old are You?"

MARGARET

She always has a pleasant word
That quickly puts the shy at ease,
And by her quiet, flowing talk
Is sure to interest and please.
Nor do her thoughts evaporate
In words, while seeing others' needs,
For many a time her kindly thoughts
Have crystallized in kindly deeds;
Then surely we should wish her well
And ask her long to live and bless,
And trust the selfish motive hid
She'll be too kind and good to guess.

J. M.

MY VALENTINE

Where robins in the early spring
Their joyful notes repeat,
Where little warblers, glad at heart,
Pour forth their raptures sweet,
Where lilies each day bloom afresh,
Where crimson ramblers twine,
Where Sharon's roses lift their heads,
There sings my valentine!

The birds, with pinions far outstretched,
Have sought a warmer clime,
The blighted flower stalks withered stand;
Not so my valentine,
For when the winter's fiercest blast
Bows down each swaying pine,
When snow and ice have bound all fast
Then sings my valentine.

J. M.

MY LADY

My lady was both blithe and gay
When Fortune smiled upon her,
But as she passed upon her way
I could not *know* that she was brave.

My lady was both blithe and gay
When Fortune frowned upon her,
And as she passed upon her way
'Twas then I *knew* that she was brave.

J. M.

FEBRUARY 3, 1896.

Ev'ry limb and ev'ry twig
Is laden now with snow,
The highest tree top spreads apart
And bends its branches low.
The fall has been so light and still
That ev'ry flake of snow,
Laid by the Architect's firm will,
Awaits His leave to go.
Ev'ry surface slightly rough
Is ornamented freely
With forms and figures rare enough
For scenes of wondrous beauty.
Ev'ry peak is builded high,
Each nail-head has its tower,—
You think they'll fall as you draw nigh,
Not so, they've some air-braving power.
Each picket's made so slim and tall
With masonry so all Divine,
It does not topple, will not fall,
For not a flake is out of line.

This snow is made of tiny stars —
Seem wrought of crystal glass,
And ev'ry child has had this thought
As through the air he sees them pass,
"Who made them all?" O wondrous feat!
"How could He make so many?"
And ev'ry one made so complete
There's not a flaw in any.
O man, God's world is full of *Him*,
See God in all this grand display,
But when you catch a glimpse of Him,
He'll bear the scene away.
In mystery Himself He'll hide,
And though a world a God reveals,
More worlds in mystery abide,
Man searches out what He conceals,
And evermore the search goes on.
Men from the first this way have trod,
New truths have found, new triumphs won,
But searching, who has found out God?

L. S. M.

THE SUN

O god of day!
Resplendently shining!
There is nothing can live
Without thy bright ray;
Greatest and humblest,
All of life are deriving
From the light and the warmth
Thou dost shed on their way.

O god of day!
Resplendently shining!
The land we are seeking
Needs not thy bright ray;
In each secret place
Light supernal is shining,
All things glowing radiant
In the light of God's Day.

J. M.

INHERITANCE

Each landscape wide, each flowing tide,
Each flower that blows, each stream that flows,
Each fresh'ning breeze that sways the trees,
Each wooded glade, each forest shade,
Each autumn hue, the sunrise new,
Each cloud on high, the deep blue sky,
Each frost device, the sparkling ice,
Each purple sheen in nature seen,
Each mountain rise, each bird that flies,
Each cavern deep, the rocky steep,
Each mine of gold with wealth untold,
Each precious gem, earth's diadem,
Will ever to the meek belong,
No mortgagee can do them wrong;
Title deed to them is given,
They inherit earth and heaven.

J. M.

SONGS

At morning and at even
The birds a chorus raise,
And many are the songs they sing
Throughout the sunny days.

Yet all the feathered songsters
Ofttimes will cease to sing,
Through woodland and through meadow wide
No notes of gladness ring.

But should you catch the singing
Of a tiny mountain stream,
You may hear it in the daytime
You may hear it in your dream.

And when its bed is stony
More loudly will it sing,
And when the rain is falling fast
Its loudest praises ring.

O sing, each mountain streamlet,
O sing, through bonnie braes,
Yes, sing through all the nighttime,
Yes, sing through all the days!

Though other voices weary,
Though other music cease,
The liquid sweetness of your song
Will bring a tranquil peace.

Not like the fitful songsters
Should be our secret song,
But like the little mountain brook
Sing on through right or wrong.

J. M.

IF I COULD!

If I could catch the wood-thrush's song,
And with my ink and pen,
Could make those notes repeat themselves
And thrill the hearts of men;

If I could gather up those clouds,
And with my ink and pen,
Could make the golden, fiery hues
Of sunset glow again;

If I could catch those dashing waves,
And with my ink and pen,
Could make them in the sunlight dance,
Their colors show again;

Why, then I'd write, nor stay my hand
Till others saw and heard
The sunset sky, the ocean's roar,
The music of the bird.

J. M.

QUEEN REASON

Little Queen Reason dwelt in a castle apart. She was the happy queen of a noble domain and no subject questioned her sovereignty. Mistress Will instinctively enforced her orders and all the Nerve family silently obeyed. The castle re-echoed the song of birds and the laughter of little children. The river of happiness ran through the grounds.

But one day an accident befell and, to the surprise and consternation of all, the entire Nerve family rebelled.

Desire Nerve led the rebellion and all the other members of the Nerve family became clamorous and insolent. Even Mistress Will, thrown off her guard by the clamor and confusion, joined the rebels, and little Queen Reason, wellnigh overpowered by the revolt, lay upon her bed in the stillness of the night thinking. "God made me a Queen," she said, "it must be not only my right but my duty to reign." Just then, hearing a little sound and guessing that Mistress Will was awake, Queen Reason confided her thought to her. Mistress Will, loyal at heart, instantly assented and they arose together and hand in hand went to the throne. Mistress Will put Queen Reason upon it, placing the crown firmly upon her brow.

When the Nerve family saw Queen Reason sitting majestically upon her throne, her crown once more upon her brow, a regal look in face and eye, and Mistress Will

strong and invincible calmly enforcing each command, you would have laughed to see them skulk and scamper.

The Queen summoned them into her presence and spoke to each and all. "In the past I have found you most excellent servants. Your reign has been terrible. You shall never rule again; henceforth you will be my obedient subjects."

The river of happiness, which had frozen over during the revolt, flowed freely again.

In the halls which had become silent the music burst forth. Harmony returned and through long years Queen Reason reigned supreme.

J. M.

A locomotive stood upon the track fresh from the hands of the builders. In every part was enduring strength, but it stood cold and lifeless without power to move. The boiler was supplied with water from a neighboring lake and the furnace was fired.

The water, finding herself surrounded by iron walls, was filled with discontent. "How changed everything is," she thought. "When I was in the lake the sun kissed me, I was the mirror of the moon, and in the springtime the trees, clad in their robes of green, were reflected from my surface. When they changed their garments, decking themselves in robes of scarlet, maroon, and gold, they still shone in my depths; and when in their rowboats gay lads and lassies made the air ring with their songs and laughter I listened to their voices." "How dark it is," she murmured, "and how hot it grows. Oh, oh, oh, I shall fly all to pieces," she moaned.

Even as she spoke both her form and name were changed and ever after she was known as Steam. The heat grew fiercer and Steam pressed with all her power to free herself; but the iron walls, still unmoved, held her fast while she hissed and screamed in her rage.

An unseen hand opened the throttle; the engine moved steadily forward, going faster and faster, speeding along through fields, woods, and tunnels, over bridges, mountains, and valleys, on and on. "Oh, when I was in the

lake," cried Steam, "and the soft wind ruffled my surface, and the waves chased each other into the distance, then I was free; and when the wind blew fiercely and the storm lashed me into fury, then I was free! free! free!" shrieked steam, and the distant hilltops echoed, "Free! free!"

But all the repining, the fierce struggles and rebellion were vain. The iron walls still bound her fast; but as they sped along Steam grew still, ceasing to waste her pent-up energy in rebellion, but drove the engine onward toward the great city. The iron walls were no more yielding than before, no ray of light penetrated the darkness, but one law stamped itself upon her being: *Obey the unseen hand.*

The speed slackened and soon they stopped under the shelter of a great building — engine and coaches drawn by Steam. The people poured from the cars. First came a judge, who for years had held the scales of justice with an even hand, whose decision that day would bring hope and freedom to thousands. Among the throng was a physician whose fame had spread through two continents, who would do a work that day no other hand could do. Lawyers, merchants, artisans, young men and maidens with earnest faces on their way to the universities; men, women, and children, with their varied purposes and pursuits, streamed from the cars and were lost in the life of the great city.

Not one of all that throng even thought of Steam; nor

did she herself ever know what she had accomplished; but a human need had been met, a service rendered — a service possible only to one bound fast within iron walls.

J. M.

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